

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

They come, they come, a gallant host—
The chosen guard of Freedom's van—
From city, plain, and mountain side,
To choose and crown the coming man.

A nation heeds her morning drum,
And bids her sons to her behoof;
From North, from South, from East they come,
To choose the hand of golden West.

The Empire State, proud, leads the van,
And thence her banner forth she flings;
The champion of the rights of man—
The lion of the nation's wings.

Who long has fought, in slavery's tower,
The mental fetters of the free—
Whose eagle eye surveys the hour,
And tells the nation yet to see.

The conflict which must ever rage
Where sin and wrong oppose the right—
The conflict which is dawning age,
Proclaims the dawn of a new night.

The old Bay State is achieving still
With plaudits from her freemen ranks,
While Lexington and Bunker Hill
Shout forth the conquering name of Banks.

New songs sweep o'er Missouri's breast,
Where daypring freedom fills the air;
And from the gateway of the West,
We hail the coming voice of Blair.

Bright from our Northern granite hills,
The stars of freedom light each vale—
Those waving pinns and murmuring rills
Blend with the freedom tongue of Hale.

The Key-State State round Cameron's brow,
Where his proud Union banner there;
His voice, the pledge of victory now,
Shall lead us on to triumphal air.

From the far South breaks a new sound:
Kreutzer leads the onward way,
And from her dark and bloody ground,
She shouts the name of Cassius Clay.

From all the Free States of our land,
About the doors of Union rise;
Two long have waited the desired hand,
Of traitors, 'neath more Southern skies.

That freedom which our fathers won,
Their sons will ever love and prize;
Our Empire, 'neath the setting sun,
Shall not be cursed with slavery's chain.

There we will plant our Northern pine,
Beside the Southern cotton tree;
And wave our banner's faithful shrine,
The banner of our nation's FREE.

While Russia's despot dare proclaim
The calling chain of freedom's race,
Shall we be less free in name,
And own the only bondman's share?

Our State and stripes shall only wave
Protection to the golden West;
And its strong folds no more shall wave
The bold slave trader of the sea.

Thus onward to the golden West,
To where our Freedom's star is set;
We'll wave our banner's faithful shrine,
A triumph for the coming men.

Miscellaneous.

JUDGE BATES' LETTER IN SUP- PORT OF LINCOLN.

The Republican Standard Bearer Warmly
Eulogized.

St. Louis, June 11, 1860.

O. B. Browning, Esq., Quincy, Ill.:
Dear Sir:—When I received your
letter of May 22d, I had no thought that
the answer would be so long delayed;
but, waiving all excuses, I proceed to
answer it now.

Under the circumstances of the case, it
ought not to have been doubted that I
would give Mr. Lincoln's nomination a
cordial and hearty support. But in de-
claring my intention to do so, it is due
to myself to state some of the facts and
reasons, which have a controlling influ-
ence over my mind, and which I think
ought to be persuasive arguments with
some other men, whose political opinions
and antecedents are, in some important
particulars, like my own.

There was no good ground for suppos-
ing that I felt any quiver or dissatis-
faction because the Chicago Convention
failed to nominate me. I had no such
feeling. On party grounds, I had no
right to expect the nomination. I had
no claims upon the Republicans as a
party, for I have never been a member
of any party, so as to be bound by its
dogmas and subject to its discipline, except
only the Whig party, which is now broken
up and its materials, for the most part,
absorbed into other organizations. And
thus I am left, alone and powerless
indeed, but perfectly free to follow the
dictates of my own judgment and to take
such part in current politics as my own
sense of duty and patriotism may require.
Many Republicans, and among them, I
think, some of the most moderate and
patriotic of that party, honored me with
their confidence, and desired to make me
their candidate. For this favor I was in-
debted to the fact that between them and
me there was a coincidence of opinion
upon certain important questions of gov-
ernment. They and I agreed in believ-
ing that the national Government has
sovereign power over the Territories, and
that it would be impolitic and unwise to
use that power for the propagation of
negro slavery by planting it in free terri-
tory. Some of them believed also that my
nomination, while it would tend to soften
the tone of the Republican party, without
any abandonment of its principles, might
also tend to generalize its character and
attract the friendship and support of
many, especially in the border States, who
like me, had never been members of their

party, but concurred with them in opin-
ion about the government of the Terri-
tories. These are the grounds, and I
think the only grounds, upon which I
was supported at all at Chicago.

As to the platform put forth by the
Chicago Convention, I have little to say,
because whether good or bad, that will
not constitute the ground of my support
of Mr. Lincoln. I have no great respect
for party platforms in general. They are
commonly made in times of high excite-
ment, under a pressure of circumstances,
and with the view to conciliate present
support, rather than to establish a per-
manent system of principles and line of
policy for the future good government of
the country. The conventions which
form them are transient in their nature;
their power and influence are consumed
in the using, leaving no continuing obli-
gation upon their respective parties. And
hence we need not wonder that plat-
forms so made, are hardly ever acted on
in practice. I shall not discuss their
relative merits, but content myself with
saying that this Republican platform,
though in several particulars it does not
conform to my views, is still far better
than any published creed, past or present,
of the Democrats. And as to the
new party, it has not chosen to promul-
gate any platform at all, except two or
three broad generalities which are com-
mon to the professions of faith of all
parties in the country. No party, indeed,
dare ask the confidence of the nation,
while openly denying the obligation to
support the Union and the Constitution,
and to enforce the laws. That is a com-
mon duty, binding upon every citizen,
and the failure to perform it is a crime.

To me it is plain that the approaching
contest must be between the Democratic
and Republican parties; and, between
them, I prefer the latter.

The Democratic party by the long pos-
session and abuse of power, has grown
wanton and reckless; has corrupted it-
self and perverted the principles of the
Government; has set itself openly against
the great home interests of the people,
by neglecting to protect their industry, and
by refusing to improve and keep in
order the highways and depots of com-
merce; and even now is urging a mea-
sure in Congress to abdicate the constitu-
tional power and duty to regulate com-
merce among the States, and to grant to
the States the discretionary power to levy
tonnage duties upon all our commerce,
under the pretence of improving harbors,
rivers, and lakes; has changed the status
of the negro slave by making him no longer
mere property, but a politician, an
autocrat in power in the State, a power
to which all other powers are required to
yield, under a penalty of a dissolution of
the Union; has directed its energies to
the gratification of its lust of foreign do-
minion, as manifested in its persistent ef-
forts to seize upon tropical regions, not
because those countries and their inco-
gruous people are necessary, or even de-
sirable, to be incorporated into our na-
tion, but for the mere purpose of making
Slave States, in order to advance the
political power of the party in the Senate
and in the choice of the President, so as
effectually to transfer the chief powers of
the Government from the many to the
few; has in various instances endan-
gered the equality of the co-ordinate branches
of the Government, by urgent efforts
to enlarge the powers of the Executive at
the expense of the Legislative department;
has attempted to discredit and degrade
the Judiciary, by affecting to make it, at
first, the arbiter of party quarrels, to be-
come soon and inevitably the passive
registrant of party decrees.

In most, if not all these particulars, I
understand the Republican party (judg-
ing it by its acts and by the known opin-
ions of many of its leading men) to be
the exact opposite of the Democratic
party; and that is the ground of my pre-
ference of the one party over the other. And
that alone would be a sufficient reason,
if I had not other good reasons, for
supporting Mr. Lincoln against any man
who may be put forward by the Demo-
cratic party, as the exponent of its prin-
ciples and the agent to work out, in
practice, its dangerous policies.

The third party, which, by its very
formation, has destroyed the organiza-
tions of the American and Whig parties,
I know them well, as sound statesmen
and true patriots. More than thirty years
ago I served with them both in Con-
gress, and from that time to this I have
always held them in respect and honor.
But what can the third party do towards
the election of even such worthy men as
these against the two great parties which
are now in actual contest for the power
to rule the nation? It is made up en-
tirely of portions of the disintegrated el-
ements of the late Whig and American
parties—good materials, in the main. I
admit, but quite too weak to elect any
man or establish any principle. The
most it can do is, here and there in par-
ticular localities, to make a diversion in
favor of the Democrats. In '56, the Whig
and American parties, (not forming a
new party, but named as allies,) with en-
tire unanimity and some aid, supported
Mr. Fillmore for the Presidency, and
with what results? We made a misera-
ble failure, carrying no State but gallant
little Maryland. And surely, the united
Whigs and Americans of that day had a
far greater show of strength and far bet-
ter prospects of success than any which
belong to the Constitutional Union party
now. In fact, I see no possibility of suc-
cess for the third party, except in one

contingency—the destruction of the Demo-
cratic party. That is a contingency not
likely to happen this year, for badly as I
think of many of the acts and politics of
that party, its cup is not yet full—the
day has not yet come when it must dis-
solve in its own corruptions. But the
day is coming and is not far off. The
party has made itself entirely sectional;
it has concentrated its very being into
one single idea; negro slavery has con-
trol of all its faculties, and it can see and
hear nothing else—"one stern, tyrannic
thought, that makes all other thoughts
its slaves!"

But the Democratic party still lives,
and while it lives, it and the Republican
party are the only real antagonistic pow-
ers in the nation, and for the present, I
must choose between them. I choose the
latter, as wiser, purer, younger, and less
corrupted by time and self-indulgence.

The candidates nominated at Chicago
are both men who, as individuals and
politicians, rank with the foremost of the
country. I have heard no objection to
Mr. Hamlin personally, but only to his
geographical position, which is thought
by some to be too far North and East to
allow his personal good qualities to exer-
cise their proper influence over the nation
at large. But the nomination for the
Presidency is the great controlling act.—
Mr. Lincoln, his character, talents, opin-
ions and history will be criticised by
thousands, while the candidate for the
Vice Presidency will be passed over in
comparative silence.

Mr. Lincoln's nomination took the
public by surprise, because, until just be-
fore the event, it was unexpected. But
really it ought not to have excited any
surprise, for such unforeseen nominations
are common in our political history.—
Polk and Pierce by the Democrats, and
Harrison and Taylor by the Whigs, were
all nominated in this extemporaneous
manner—all of them were elected. I
have known Mr. Lincoln for more than
twenty years, and therefore have a right
to speak of him with some confidence.—
As an individual he has earned a high
reputation for truth, courage, candor,
morals and amiability, so that, as a man,
he is most trustworthy. And in this
particular he is more entitled to our es-
teem than some other men, his equals,
who had far better opportunities and aids
in early life. His talents, and the will
to use them to the best advantage, are
unquestionable; and the proof is found in
the fact that, in every position in life,
from his humble beginning to his present
well earned elevation, he has more than
fulfilled the best hopes of his friends.—
And now, in the full vigor of his man-
hood and in the honest pride of having
made himself what he is, he is the peer
of the first men of the nation, well able
to sustain himself and advance his cause
against any adversary, and in any field
where mind and knowledge are the weapons
used.

In politics he has but acted out the
principles of his own moral and intellec-
tual character. He has not concealed his
thoughts nor hidden his light under a
bushel. With the boldness of conscious
rectitude and the frankness of downright
honesty, he has not failed to avow his
opinions of public affairs upon all fitting
occasions.

This I know may subject him to the
carping censure of that class of politi-
cians who mistake cunning for wisdom
and falsehood for ingenuity; but such
men as Lincoln must act in keeping with
their own characters, and hope for suc-
cess only by advancing the truth prudently
and maintaining it bravely. All his
old political antecedents are, in my judg-
ment, exactly right, being square up to
the old Whig standard. And as to his
views about "the pestilent negro ques-
tion," I am not aware that he has gone
one step beyond the doctrine publicly
and habitually avowed by the great lights
of the Whig party, Clay, Webster, and
their fellows, and indeed sustained and
carried out by the Democrats themselves,
in their wiser and better days.

The following, I suppose, are in brief
his opinions upon that subject: 1. Slavery
is a domestic institution within the
States which choose to have it, and it ex-
ists within those States beyond the con-
trol of Congress. 2. Congress has su-
preme legislative power over all the Ter-
ritories, and may, at its discretion, allow
or forbid the existence of slavery within
them. 3. Congress in wisdom and sound
policy, ought not so to exercise its power,
directly or indirectly, as to plant and
establish slavery in any Territory there-
fore free. 4. And that it is unwise and
impolitic in the Government of the United
States to acquire tropical regions for the
mere purpose of converting them into
Slave States.

These, I believe, are Mr. Lincoln's
opinions upon the matter of slavery in
the Territories, and I concur in them.—
They are no new inventions, made to suit
the exigencies of the hour, but have come
down to us, as the Declaration of Inde-
pendence and the Constitution have,
sanctioned by the venerable authority of
the wise and good men who established
our institutions. They are conformable
to law, principle and wise policy, and
their utility is proven in practice by the
as yet unbroken current of our political
history. They will prevail, not only be-
cause they are right in themselves, but
also because a great and still growing
majority of the people believe them to be
right; and the sooner they are allowed
to prevail in peace and harmony, the bet-
ter for all concerned, as well those who

are against them as those who are for
them.

I am aware that small partisans, in
their little warfare against opposing lead-
ers, do sometimes assail them by the
trick of tearing from their contexts some
particular objectionable phrases, penned,
perhaps, in the hurry of composition, or
spoken in the heat of oral debate, and
holding them up to the public as the lead-
ing doctrines of the person assailed, and
drawing from them their own uncharita-
ble inferences. That line of attack be-
trays a little mind, conscious of its weak-
ness, for the falsity of its logic is not
more apparent than the injustice of its
design. No public man can stand that
ordeal, and, however willing men may be
to see it applied to their adversaries, all
flinch from the torture when applied to
themselves. In fact, the man who never
said a foolish thing, will hardly be able
to prove that he ever said many wise
ones.

I consider Mr. Lincoln a sound, safe,
national man. He could not be section-
al, if he tried. His birth, his education,
the habits of his life, and his geographi-
cal position, compel him to be national.
All his feelings and interests are identified
with the great valley of the Mississippi,
near whose centre he has spent his whole
life. That valley is not a section, but
conspicuously, the body of the nation,
and, large as it is, is not capable of be-
ing divided into sections, for the great
river cannot be divided. It is one and
indivisible, and the North and the South
are alike necessary to its comfort and
prosperity. Its people, too, in all their
interests and affections, are as broad and
general as the regions they inhabit.—
They are emigrants, a mixed multitude,
coming from every State in the Union,
and from most countries in Europe; they
are unwilling, therefore, to submit to any
petty local standard. They love the
nation as a whole, and they love all its
parts, for they are bound to them all, not
only by a feeling of common interest and
mutual dependence, but also by the re-
collections of childhood and youth, by
blood and friendship, and by all those
social and domestic charities which sweet-
en life, and make this world worth living
in. The valley is beginning to feel its
power, and will soon be strong enough to
dictate the law of the land. Whenever that
state of things shall come to pass, it will
be most fortunate for the nation to find
the powers of Government lodged in the
hands of men whose habits of thought,
whose position and surrounding circum-
stances constrain them to use those powers
for general and not sectional ends.

I give my opinion freely in favor of
Mr. Lincoln, and I hope that, for the
good of the whole country, he may be
elected. But it is not my intention to
take any active part in the canvass. For
many years past I have had little to do
with public affairs, and have aspired to
no political office; and now, in view of
the mad excitement which convulses the
country, and the general disruption and
disorder of parties and elements which
compass them, I am more than ever as-
sured that for me, personally, there is no
political future, and I accept the condition
with cheerful satisfaction. Still I
cannot discharge myself from the lifelong
duty to watch the conduct of men in power,
and to resist, so far as a mere private
man may, the fearful progress of official
corruption, which for several years past
has sadly marred and defiled the fair
fabric of our Government.

If Mr. Lincoln should be elected, com-
ing in as a new man at the head of a
young party never before in power, he
may render a great service to his country,
which no Democrat could render. He
can march straight forward in the dis-
charge of high duties, guided only by his
own good judgment and honest purpo-
ses, without any necessity to temporize
with established abuses, to wink at the
delinquencies of old party friends, or to
unlearn and discard the bad official
habits that have grown up under the mis-
government of his Democratic predecessors.
In short, he can be an honest and
bold reformer on easier and cheaper
terms than any Democratic President can
be, for, in proceeding in the good work
of cleansing and purifying the adminis-
trative departments, he will have no oc-
casion to expose the vices, assail the in-
terests, or thwart ambition of his politi-
cal friends.

Begging your pardon for the length of
this letter, I remain, with great respect,
Your friend and obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

BLOCK CHAIR.—One of the curiosities
in the Chicago Convention, was a chair
made by an Indian in Michigan, some
thirty years since. It is a solid block of
pine, some two and a half feet across,
with rockers and a low back. The seat
is hollowed out, and is quite comfortable.
—Chambersburg Repository.

Brownlow says that, as much as he
despises Northern negro stealers, he can
see no moral difference between the crime
and the money stealing of the Democrat-
ic party. To the latter, however, he
awards the preference on one point—their
stealing is not sectional, but is done
wherever the public money can be found.

Paper is made in England out of spent
hops, paper mills being now an economi-
cal addition to the extensive breweries of
Barton on Trent. After drinking a glass
of "Burton's Ale," we may see the same
article again in a sheet of paper!—says
the New York Home Journal.

HONEST ARE OF THE WEST.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

AIR—"Star Spangled Banner."

O, hark! from the pine-crested hills of old Maine,
Where the splendor first falls from the wings of the
morning,
And away in the West, over river and plain,
Rings out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!

From the green-collared prairie it swells to the sea,
For the people have done, victorious and free,
They have chosen their leaders—and bravest and best
Of them all, is Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

The spirit that fought for the patriots of old,
Has swept through the land and crested us for ever;
In the pure air of heaven a standard shall fly;
Fit to marshal us on to the sacred endeavor!

Proclaim the banner of freedom we bear;
Noble the hopes that encircle it there!
And where battle is thickest, we follow the crest
Of gallant Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

There's a triumph in urging a glorious cause,
Though the hosts of the foe for a while may be stronger;
Pushing on for just rulers and holier laws,
Till their streaming columns oppose us no longer.

Be ever the last years of men who have past
In the pure air of heaven a standard shall fly;
Fit to marshal us on to the sacred endeavor!
Proclaim the banner of freedom we bear;

With a wealth never won from the sinews of slaves;
And the Chief, in whose rule all the land shall be blest,
Is our noble Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

Then on to the future Republic strike!
And again, for a future as fair as the morning!

For the sake of this freedom more precious than life,
Ring out the grand anthem of Liberty's warning!

Lift the banner on high, while from mountain to plain,
The cheers of the people are sounded again!

Hearsh for our cause—of all causes the best!
Hearsh for Old Abe, Honest Abe of the West!

Greeley's Letter to Seward—Interest-
ing Political Revelations.

New York, June 13.

The subjoined is Mr. Greeley's letter to
Mr. Seward:

New York, Saturday, Nov. 11, 1854.

Gov. SEWARD—Dear Sir:—The elec-
tion is over, and its results sufficiently
ascertained. It seems to me a fitting time
to announce to you the dissolution of the
political firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley,
by the withdrawal of the Junior part-
ner, said withdrawal to take effect on the
morning after the first Thursday in Feb-
ruary next; and as I may seem a great
presumption in me to assume that any
such firm exists, especially since the pub-
lic was advised, more than a year ago,
by an editorial in the Evening Journal,
formally reading me out of the Whig
party, that I was no longer esteemed use-
ful or ornamental in the concern, you
will, I am sure, indulge me in some re-
miniscences, which seem to befit the oc-
casion.

I was a poor young printer and editor
of a literary journal, a very active and
bitter Whig in a small way, but not seek-
ing to be known out of my own ward
committee, when after the great political
revolution of 1837, I was one day called
to the City Hotel, where two strangers
introduced themselves as Thurlow Weed
and Lewis Benedict, of Albany. They
told me that a sharp campaign paper of
a peculiar stamp, at Albany, had been re-
solved upon, and that I had been selected
to edit it. The announcement might well
be deemed flattering by one who had
never even sought the notice of the great,
and was not known as a partisan writer,
and I eagerly embraced their proposals.
They asked me to fix my salary for a
year. I named \$1,000, which they
agreed to, and I did the work required
to the best of my ability. It was work
that made no figure, and created no sen-
sation, but I loved it, and it did well.

When it was done, you were Governor,
dispensing offices worth from \$3,000 to
\$20,000 per year, to your friends and
compatriots, and I returned to my garret
and my crust, and my desperate battle
with the pecuniary obligations heaped up-
on me by bad partners in business and the
disastrous events of 1837. I believe that
it did not then occur to me that some one
of these abundant places might have been
offered to me without injustice. I now
think that it should have occurred to you.
If it did occur to me, I was not the man
to ask for it. I think that should not
have been necessary. I only remember
that no friend at all inquired as to my pec-
uniary circumstances; that your friend,
but not mine, Robt. C. Wetmore, was one
of the chief dispensers of your patronage
here, and that such devoted compatriots
as A. H. Wells and John Hooks were lifted
by you out of pauperism into indepen-
dence, as I am glad I was not; and yet
an inquiry from you as to my needs and
means at that time would have been time-
ly, and held over in grateful remem-
brance.

In the Harrison campaign of 1840, I
was again designated to edit a campaign
paper. I published it as well, and ought to
have made something of it in spite of its
extremely low price. My extreme pov-
erty was the main reason why I did not.
It compelled me to hire press work, mail-
ing &c., done by the job, and high charges
for extra work nearly ate me up. At
the close I was still without property, and
in debt, but this paper had rather improv-
ed my position. Now came the great
scrabble of the swell mob, of coons min-
strals and cider-suckers at Washington, I
not being counted in. Several regiments
of them went on from this city, but not
one of the whole crowd (though I say it)
had done so much towards Gen. Harrison's
nomination and election as yours respect-
fully. I received nothing, expected nothing,
but you, Gov. Seward, ought to have
asked that I might be Postmaster of New

York. Your asking would have been in
vain, but it would have been an act of
grace neither wasted nor undeserved.

I soon after started the Tribune, because
I was urged to do so by certain of your
friends, and because such paper was need-
ed here. I was promised certain pecu-
niary aid in so doing; it might have been
given me without cost or risk to any one.
All I ever had was a loan, by piece meal,
of \$1,000, from James Coggeshall—God
bless his honored memory. I did not ask
for this, and think it is the one sole case
in which I ever received a pecuniary favor
from a political associate. I am very
thankful that he did not die till he was
fully repaid.

And let me here honor one grateful re-
collection. When the Whig party, under
your rule, had offices to give, my name
was never thought of, but when in '42
and '43, we were hopelessly out of power,
I was honored with the party nomination
for State Printer. When we came again
to have a State Printer to elect as well as
nominate, my place went to Weed, as it
ought, yet it was something to know that
there was once a time when it was not
deemed too great a sacrifice to recognize
me as a member of your household.

If a new office had not since been cre-
ated on purpose to give its valuable pa-
tronage to H. J. Raymond, and enable St.
John to show forth his Times as the organ
of the Whig State administration, I
should have been still more grateful.

In 1848, your star again rose, and my
warmest hopes were realized in your elec-
tion to the Senate. I was no longer needy,
and had no more claim than desire to be
recognized by Gen. Taylor.

I think I had some claim to forbear-
ance from you, but what I received there-
upon was a most humiliating lecture in
the shape of a decision in the libel case
of Redfield and Pringle and an obligation
to publish it in my own and other jour-
nals of your supposed firm. I thought,
and still think, this lecture needlessly
cruel and mortifying. The plaintiffs,
using my columns to the extent of their
needs or desires, stopped writing and called
on me for the name of their assailant. I
promised it to them—a thoroughly respon-
sible name. They refused to accept it un-
less it should prove to be one of the four
or five first men in Batavia, when they
had known from the first who it was, and
that it was neither of them. They would
not accept that which they had at first
demanded. They sued me instead for
money, and money you were at liberty to
give them at your heart's content. I do
not think you were at liberty to humiliate
me in the eyes of my own and your pub-
lic, as you did. If I am not mistaken,
this judgment is the only speech, letter
or document addressed to the Government
in which you ever recognized my exist-
ence. I hope I may not go down to pos-
terity as embalmed therein. I think you
exalted your own judicial sternness and
fearlessness unduly at my expense. I
think you had a better occasion for dis-
play of these qualities when Webb threw
himself untimely upon you for a pardon
which he had done all a man could do to
deserve. (His paper is paying you for it
now.)

I have publicly set forth my view of
your and our duty with respect to fusion,
Nebraska, and party designations. I will
not repeat any of that. I have referred
also to Weed's reading me out of the
Whig party, my crime being in this as
in some other things, that of doing to-day
what more politic persons will not be
ready to do to-morrow. Let me
speak of the late canvass. I was once
sent to Congress for ninety days, merely
to enable Jim Brooks to secure a seat
therein for four years. I think I never
hinted to any human being that I would
have liked to be put forward for any
place. But Jas. W. White (you hardly
know how good and true a man he is,) started
my name for Congress, and Brooks
packed delegation thought I could help
him through, so I was put on behind him;
but this last Spring, after the Nebraska
question had created a new state of things
at the North, one or two personal friends,
of no political consideration, suggested my
name as a candidate for Governor, and I
did not discourage them. Soon, the per-
sons who were afterwards mainly instru-
mental in nominating Clark, came about
me and asked if I could secure the Know
Nothing vote. I told them I neither
could nor would touch it; on the contrary,
I loathed and repelled it. Thereupon
they turned upon Clark. I said nothing,
did nothing.

A hundred people asked me who should
be run for Governor. I sometimes indi-
cated Patterson. I never hinted at my
own name; but by and by Weed came
down and called me to him, to tell me why
he could not support me for Governor.—
I had never asked nor counted on his sup-
port. I am sure Weed did not mean to
humiliate me, but he did. The upshot of
his discourse very cautiously stated was
this: If I were a candidate for Govern-
or I should beat not myself only, but
you. Perhaps that was true. But as I
had in no manner solicited his or your
support, I thought this might have been
said to my friends rather than to me. I
suspect it is true that I could not have been
elected Governor as a Whig. But had
he and you been favorable, there would
have been a party in the State ere this
which could and would have elected me
to any post, without injuring itself or en-
dangering your re-election.

It was in vain that I urged that I had
in no manner asked a nomination. At
length I was nettled by his language—
well intended, but very cutting, as ad-

ressed by him to me—to say, in sub-
stance, "Well, then, make Patterson
Governor, and try my name for Lieu-
tenant." To lose this place is a matter
of no importance; and we can see
"whether I am really so odious."

I should have hated to serve as Lieu-
tenant Governor, but I should have gloried
in running for the post. I want to have my
enemies all upon me at once; I am tired
of fighting them piece-meal. And, though
I should have been beaten in the canvass,
I know that my running would have
helped the ticket, and helped my paper.

It was thought best to let the matter
take another course. No other name
could have been put on the ticket so bit-
terly humiliating to me as that which was
selected. The nomination was given to
Raymond; the fight left to me. And
Gov. Seward, I have made it, though
it be conceded in me to say so. What
little fight there has been, I have stirred
up. Even Weed has not been (I speak
of his paper) hearty in this contest,
while the journal of the Whig
Lieut. Governor has taken care of its own
interests and let the canvass take care
of itself, as it early declared it would do.

That journal has (because of its milk-
and-water course) some Twenty Thou-
sand subscribers in this city and its sub-
urbs, and of these Twenty Thousand I
venture to say more voted for Ullman and
Scroggs than for Clark and Raymond.
The Tribune (also because of its charac-
ter) has but Eight Thousand subscribers
within the same radius,